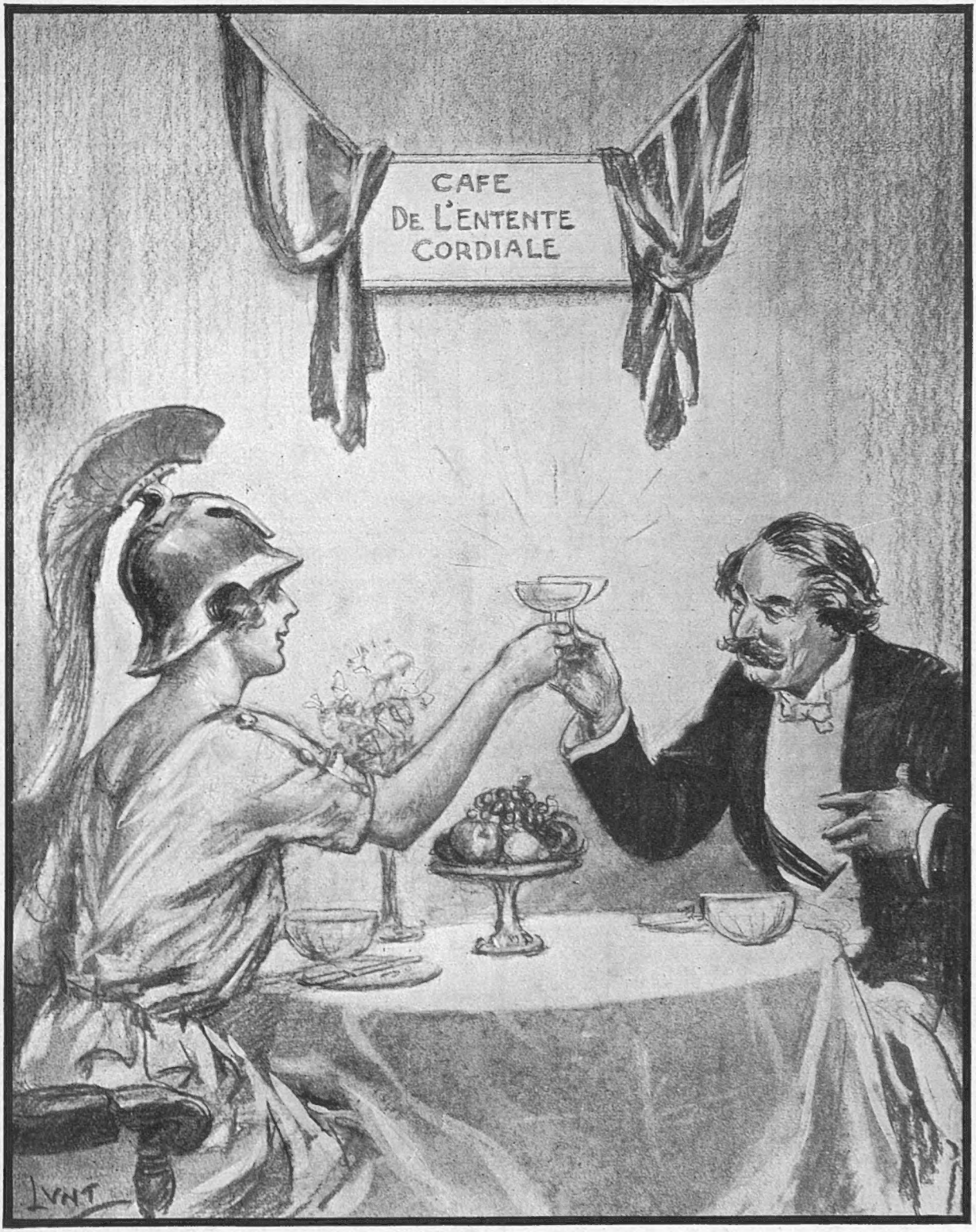
The Bystander, February 23, 1921. No. 899. Vol. LXIX.

The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

"QUIS SEPARABIT?"

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STRAND. (Ger. 3830). "A SAFETY MATCH."
By IAN HAY.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER. KYRLE BELLEW.
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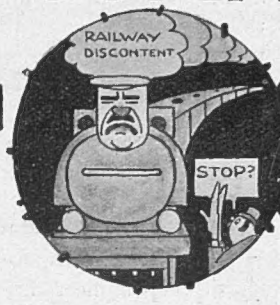
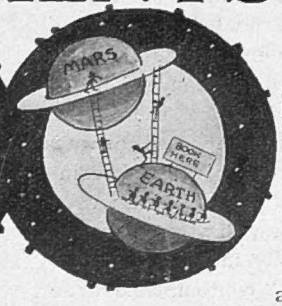
BYSTANDER COMMENTS

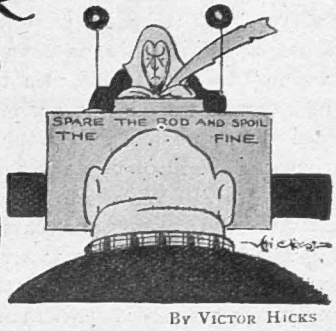
Parliament's open for pow-wow again,



Strike threats are still in the air—



We can soon book our passage to Mars and the moon



By Victor Hicks

And you *can't* beat your wife—so there!

London Girls' Looks

"A-GOING-THE-PACE FACE" is the description suggested by a Colonial recently returned to London, for the look of the London girl of to-day. Perhaps the Colonial is right. A fresh eye can often see something that escapes those with whom it is present day by day. He contrasts the new face with the "healthy, vivacious appearance of the girls during the War," and wonders what is the reason for the change. In those words, I think, he probably suggests the reason. During the War the girls had hard and strenuous work, and plenty of it. And right well they did it. With this hard work was the feeling, conscious or sub-conscious, that it was good work, necessary work—for the good of their men, for the good of their country, not mere drudgery for the sake of a somewhat uninteresting life, or else a splendid change from boring idleness. Hard work with such a feeling makes for a "healthy and vivacious" appearance.

Questionable Pleasure

With the discipline of work there came the freedom of work. The girl who worked hard, played hard. There came a freedom of manners, a freedom of play, like the freedom of work, unknown before. But, generally speaking, the work kept things all right. Then came the great change. The work was done. There remained the new-learned play. The hospital ward, the garage, the munitions factories, and so forth, no longer provided their inspiring work. But the play remained, the new play with its new freedom. The new play, with its freedom, without the new work and its discipline, is evidently harmful. This is no place for moralising. But one has only to read the newspapers week by week to find a sufficient explanation of the "going-the-pace face," which the Colonial laments. It is a pitiful, but probably only a passing phase.

Spring Clean at Once!

The suggestion that public authorities and private owners should help unemployed ex-service men by starting their Spring cleaning and painting at once has attracted a lot of attention. Indeed, it seemed a good idea. One read that there was work enough for 15,000 ex-service men on house-decoration alone, and, generally, there would be employment for "large numbers of unskilled and semi-skilled men." But, on thinking the matter over, one wonders if there would. There might have been work for 50,000 unskilled and semi-skilled ex-service men in the building trades, but not even with a bribe of £5 per head would the building trade monopolists have them. I fancy the painting and decorating trades also have their monopolists, and see no reason for supposing that they would be more generous-minded than their building friends. And though public authorities, using public money, might be lavish in their schemes of beautification, I rather think that the private owner will be as economical as he possibly can. He has to provide the "public money" for the "public authorities." I know of a good many amateur painters and decorators just now.

'Ware Kaiser "Whines"

We have been treated to a lot of gossip about the ex-Kaiser lately, and I cannot help thinking that a good deal of it really amounts to propaganda on behalf of that very ignoble ex-monarch—unwitting,

AN ATTRACTIVE MODEL By Fred Buchanan

Lloyd George: "Yes, my dear, you will look nice in the window one of these days, but first we have got to unload the old stock!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

I have no doubt, and ineffective I sincerely hope. It is all very well to head a paragraph with "ex-Kaiser whines" about this or about that, but in his "whine" he gets in his plea that for "twenty-six long years I waged war single-handed to preserve peace for my people, but in the end my best friends struck the sword of peace out of my hand—I never wanted war." Why let him publish these silly excuses? For twenty six years he prepared for war, and, when he thought he was ready, ruthlessly commenced it. Why publish descriptions of him as a kindly, benevolent old gentleman with white whiskers, explaining that he did not really mean "contemptible" when he spoke of our "contemptible little army"? "When the Devil was sick, the Devil a saint would be. When the Devil was well the devil a saint was he." The ex-Kaiser is a very lucky man to be where he is and as he is. He deserves no sympathy and no sympathetic reporting.

Long Live Tipping!

WHO that reads this paper is not a criminal? Of course, I do not mean that to read THE BYSTANDER is a criminal offence. But how many readers of it have not tipped a railway porter in order "to procure preferential assistance"? I have just been reminded that to do this is, on the authority of Mr. Justice Darling, "an absolutely criminal offence." Simply because he is a wit and also has a sense of humour, there are dull people who doubt Mr. Justice Darling's capacity as a Judge. I have no such doubt. Mr. Justice Darling's judgments are very seldom upset on appeal, which is a pretty good criterion of his law. But, nevertheless, I not only confess to past criminality in the matter of tipping porters, but openly declare that, so long as I can find the wherewithal, I intend to persist in this form of crime. And I strongly urge all my brother and sister criminals in the past to do likewise. My aim is good and moral. I am no believer in the principle of doing evil that good may result—but there are exceptions, and this is one.

"Direct Action" Fanatics

NO ONE will dispute that our railways are of the very highest importance to the country. It naturally follows that those who work on them are also important, very important, people. They recognise this themselves—look at Sir Eric Geddes and Mr. Bromley. Now, during the War, Sir Eric got "letters of marque," as it were, and as a sort of privateer holds us up in a more or less legitimate way. But Mr. Bromley has no such credentials. He practically says to the Government, "Do this, or I'll paralyse the industry of the country by shutting down its transport system." This means the assumption of Government by Mr. Bromley and the railway men. They are very fine people, but I am convinced that they are not yet fit to take control of the destinies of the British Empire. For their sake, as well as ours, it is good that this control should be kept out of their hands until they are fit for it. So long as the great majority of them are content to hang round while we commit the "crime" of tipping them for doing the work they are paid for, they will never rule. When they are fit, they will refuse these criminal advances of ours, nor shall we dare to make them. In the meantime let us play our part.

VERY NECESSARY EDUCATION By W. E. WIGFULL

THE MAN IN THE STREET: "But if the price of wheat has fallen, why is bread still so high?"

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL: "That's just what the new Education Bill is for—to educate you up to understand these things"

Railway Thieves

SIMPLY because of the countless fine men—and I have more than ordinary knowledge of how many and how fine they are—I will only make the slightest reference to one black spot which the British railwayman must wipe off his record before he can confidently appear at the bar of public opinion. The British public used to consider its goods as safe in the hands of its railway companies as in the keeping of its banks or other most trusted institutions. This is no longer so. It is only the other day that a correspondent of the *Times* briefly analysed 10,000 cases of robbery on one railway only during the course of last year. People to-day seem to accept railway robberies just as they do bad weather—disagreeable, but what are you to do about it? The great and honest majority of railwaymen are the people who can do something.

The Public Schools Again

DEAN INGE has, apparently, set smouldering again the fires of the Public School controversy. The Dean's original contribution to the subject was

Wouldn't it be a Captivating Compliment—

By E. T. Reed

—If our celebrities were to welcome His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of Japan in *this* sort of way?

a sufficiently fair-minded exposition of one point of view, but his critics and supporters, like the school debating societies, which one of the former admires so much, proceeded to get further and further from the point, until one finds an Old Etonian talking about the " wider interests " and " deeper meaning " provided by a day-school education !—as if the suburban-cum-city life of the average day-boy in a town school were really of any greater advantage to him than the life of a public schoolboy at school in the country.

Snobbishness

The point that every participant in the latest phase of the discussion seems to have missed is that the " education " which they all seem anxious to find in the schools is really never obtained there at all—in either secondary, technical, or public school—but in the world of men which the boy of nineteen enters when he has done with his school-days. The quantity of " callowness " exhibited by young freshmen at the 'Varsity depends not so much upon the schools from which they come as upon the type or variety of the folks with whom they have been used to associate during their holidays. As for the charge of snobbishness made by some against public schoolboys, my reply is that almost every boy is apt to be snobbish on occasion, in whatever class he may be born or brought up, but that the public school does inculcate good manners. That famous remark, " Eton we know, and Harrow we know, but who are ye ? " may have been made, but its original spokesman must have been in Mr. Vachell's phrase, a bit " hairy at the heel ! "

Photograph] ONE OF ETON'S MANY ACTIVITIES *[Sport and General*

The meet of the Eton Beagles which took place last week at Easy Bridge. The country around here is exceptionally "damp," with results sometimes disastrous to the followers, but this is compensated by the excellent runs they have

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Outward and Visible Sign

IN these days, when so many folks who want to be considered "modern" talk glibly of "revolution"—poor idiots, they have no conception what "revolution" means in actuality—it is good for the lieges to be reminded at least once a year of the majesty, dominion, and power of the Throne of England by outward and visible signs.

There is no country in the world which can provide such a spectacle as the opening of Parliament by the King. The "moderns" may make their stupid japes at Cipriani's great golden coach, but the people who stand in the streets to see it pass by remember that it has borne six Sovereigns to the openings of Parliament and five Sovereigns to their coronation. The old coach is one of the visible signs of what someone has called "an hereditary constitutionalism."

It was good to see last week the Guardsmen in the Royal procession and lining the streets, back again in cuirass and helmet, red tunics, and bearskins—the first time since the War. The Prince of Wales went to the ceremony in the uniform of the Colonel of the Welsh Guards. I think he must have heaved a sigh of relief when he could take off his busby. It seemed to be own brother to a candle-extinguisher.

Photograph *Yevonne*

LADY DIANA SOMERSET

A charming portrait of the youngest daughter of the Duchess of Beaufort

Photograph] EN ROUTE FOR THE HOUSE OF LORDS *[G.P.U.*

Their Majesties arriving at Westminster in the State coach, with its escort of Yeomen of the Guard, to open Parliament last week. The Household Cavalry and the Guards were both in full-dress uniform, the first time since 1914

Peeresses and their Responsibility

A FRIEND tells me that the attendance of peeresses was unusually large, and that many of them had never shown themselves at the ceremony before. A belated realisation of a duty, perhaps, but,

at any rate, they were there. Let us hope it is a sign that some of them are waking up to a sense of their responsibilities. It is about time. The newer the peerage the less the sense of responsibility.

A Consolation Dinner

Not only the Guards, but the Government likewise, has gone back to pre-War conditions. There were the usual Ministerial dinners on the night before the opening of Parliament—just like old times. Lord Curzon, as Leader of the House of Lords, entertained peers in Carlton House Terrace; the Prime Minister entertained Cabinet Ministers and very prominent Members of the Commons in Downing Street; Lord Crewe likewise entertained peers, "his supporters," at Crewe House. But here is a difference between to-day and yester-war—and a significant difference — my Lord Viscount Cowdray entertained Mr. Asquith and his former colleagues, also in Carlton House Terrace, a few doors away from the house where his peers gathered round our Foreign Minister, the puissant Earl Curzon of Keddleston.

Rather amusing, isn't it, when you think things over?

Photograph *Swaine*

IN THE RÔLE OF A LEGISLATOR

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the House of Lords on the occasion of the opening of Parliament

SHIRE HORSE SHOW

The King at the Shire Horse Society's Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, standing by the cup he won with the champion stallion of the show, Field-Marshal V.

Political Hostesses?

Politics are going to be strenuous during the next few months, and everybody is asking who are going to be the political hostesses. A great Foreign Office reception is a certainty, now that matters have returned to the normal. The Curzons will do that superbly, but Lady Curzon is an American, and, consequently, is outside the subtleties of the entertaining purely political.

To be a political hostess calls for a very *fine flair*, a thorough knowledge of the under-currents. The political hostess is born, not made. I have seen several ambitious ladies come a thoroughly smashing cropper in trying to make themselves leaders of a political *salon*. One lady lost her husband his seat. But for her silly blundering and

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)

saying the wrong thing to the right people the unfortunate man would probably have been Lord Chancellor at this very minute. Blessed is the man whose wife can hold her tongue.

Lady Astor had a big chance of being a power in politics outside the House. She is rich, has any amount of *verve* and animation, but, as is the case with so many Americans, the statement of her own opinions are of more importance to her than listening to the opinions of other people—a fatal flaw in the composition of a political hostess. People get so bored when they are asked merely to hear their hostess talk.

Now that Crewe House has been returned to its owners, Lady Crewe has an opportunity which her friends believe she is going to take. It will be interesting to see if she does.

It is an odd thing, but now that women have the vote they seem to be losing their interest in politics, that is, in the world of politics where strings can be pulled.

Photograph *Lafayette*

LADY TERRINGTON

Whose husband, the Hon. H. J. Selborne Woodhouse, has just succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father, Lord Woodhouse

Is It Polo or Prohibition?

WHAT are the good folk at Hurlingham about? It is announced that the charges to see the three Test matches in June from the enclosure will range from £2 to £10 for a single day, and from £5 to £25 for the three days!

If the Test matches cannot be played without this enormous gate-money it seems to me it would be better for polo if they were abandoned. It may be, of course, that no spectators are desired, and the prices of seats have, consequently, been made prohibitive — on the principle of £2,000 being paid as the reserve for a Pekinese that must be put up to auction by the rules of a dog show, and which its owner doesn't wish to sell.

If they do find anybody to pay £10 for one day or a reduction of £5 (£25) for the three days, I wonder to what sort of genus the payers of this ludicrous sum will belong? The answer is easy. Don't you agree?

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES DODD

Whose marriage took place on Thursday last at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The bride is the younger daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Birchenough, and the bridegroom is secretary to the British Legation at Athens

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

Mrs. Asquith arriving at the House of Lords

On the Riviera.

MORE robberies! This time at unoffending, remote Mentone, where it is not in the best taste to disport the staggering Kohinoor or the great ruby. Madame Doucet, wife of the famous *couturière*, has been quietly despoiled of £40,000 in gems. We are getting more splendid every day, and one does not have to seek the highway for thrilling adventures with brigands. Still, Society goes on tempting the world with displays of jewels unequalled in the history of Western Europe; it is, in short, democracy writ large.

"CARNAVAL'S" joy is over. The great fantastic god of Frolic has been burnt—and that, too, amid a display of fireworks which lit the heavens and turned the blue sea into shimmering gold. Nothing became him so well as his exit, which was a glory of all that art and ingenuity ever frittered away in the name of *artifice*. It was a spectacle—that scene of fairy-dom before the Préfecture—a-glow

and aflame with multitudinous lights.

AND afterwards such a night of Mardi Gras as even Nice has never witnessed. The town was agog; it was simply fat with revelry, and danced its ankles slim and its heads dizzy. Riot! Riot! "Carnaval" is dead! Long live "Carnaval." (It's not the same thing at all with the English spelling!)

THE last Battle of Flowers was full of effort. The high price of blooms limited the abundance of the event, and the really stunning carriages could be counted on the fingers. It was, however, less English than the first battle, in that it possessed an allurement quite special for the visitor who does not like to be constantly reminded of Leeds and Balham. There's no good comparing these floral orgies with Paradina and San Diego. The flowers do not exist here. The spirit does not exist there, and the spirit is the great thing. There was a lot of cabbage and by far too much mimosa about this battle of flowers, but the faces of pretty girls, the glee of children, and the uncontrolled boyishness of men turned it all into high jinks and roses.

Photograph *Forde, Nice*

"CARNAVAL!"

The second battle of flowers at Nice was a huge success. This windmill, complete with garden and "mill-hands," won the first prize

Photograph] **LADY SMILEY** *[E. Navello*

Playing golf at Cannes. She is the wife of Sir John Smiley, and the youngest daughter of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny

EVERYBODY *veglioned* at the Opera on Tuesday. The scene was like Twelfth Night savagely mixed up with the Arabian Nights in a lunatic jig-saw puzzle. Fancy-dress is one of the great problems left by the War—for instance, men "coming too rapidly to the front" ought not to mask as slender Romeos.

A BETTER organised madness has been in full swing at the Place Mozart, where tennis has held sway. Miss Ryan's playing is the talk of the be-flannelled. Friday she won two hard-fought sets and victory from Mrs. Goss. Mlle. Lenglen must be wary, but she of the bandaged brow took two easy sets from Mrs. Colston, 6—0, 6—0. The men tennis stars get more and more like Russian *hors d'œuvres*. What with de Teissièr, Soumarokoff, Trasouster —tennis is getting more like opera every day. The spectators were as thrilling as the players—the Duke of Marlborough, M. and Mme. S. Venizelos, Mr. and Mrs. Blacker Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Blandfort, and Princess Demidoff. The news that Tilden is to play in the International Championship matches at St. Cloud was only to be expected, but that Molla Mallory will probably meet Lenglen there gives a zest and fresh interest to stardom. Such is the gossip of the Place Mozart.

Photograph *Forde, Nice*

NICE FESTIVITIES

Another "exhibit" in the procession of decorated carriages at Nice. The little girl under the parasol looks very real—but perhaps "she's" only a doll

Three Stage Beauties

Photograph *Bacon and Sons*

A COMING "STAR"

Miss Iris de Villers, who will play the lead in a new farcical comedy, "By All Means, Darling," by Sutton Vane, shortly to be produced at a West-End theatre

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS CECILY DEBENHAM

The beautiful young actress whose engagement to Lt.-Col. L. P. Henderson, M.C., was recently announced. She has made a great success of her part in "A Little Dutch Girl" at the Lyric Theatre

Photograph *H. Walter Barnett*

MISS PEPITA BOBADILLA

In "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane Theatre. She is the wife of the well-known dramatic author, Mr. Haddon Chambers

HANKY PANKY JOHN

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

BY HENRY C. SHELLEY. *Illustrated by* MACMICHAEL

(Owing to the unfortunate indisposition of "Jingle" Mr. Henry C. Shelley has deputised in his stead this week.—ED.)

BECAUSE a member of the enfranchised sex limits her normal conversation to "Thank you very much," do not conclude in your haste that things are what they seem. They may not be. They may be surprisingly different. For example, you might happen upon Mrs. Moore one day. Now Mrs. Moore, besides being the distaff partner of one of those Irishmen who do not disdain to write M.P. after their names and enjoy a quarterly salary of £100, is quite an attractive member of her sex. She has a way with her which fully explains why Arthur Tye is no sooner introduced than he wants to hold hands and ogle. She accepts a seat by his side with "Thank you very much." She takes his arm into dinner with "Thank you very much." In fact, no matter what is said to her or done for her. Mrs. Moore ever rejoins, "Thank you very much."

BUT that is no proof that Mrs. Moore is a perfect lady. Her four-word vocabulary and the dulcet tones of her voice are a smoke-screen. Get her into a corner; suggest that she may have been the thief of the £100 note; give the slightest hint that you know all about the beauty-chorus quarry from whence she was dug—and listen. You will have the surprise of your life. The lady of four words will suddenly reveal a command of those words in the dictionary usually described as "vulgar" which will astonish you. She will pour into your startled ears such a torrent of rude words as will leave you breathless and staggered.

THAT was what happened in the sitting-room-cum-study of Mr. Kees. The said Mr. Kees was happily not present on the occasion. He was temporarily dead. So dead, indeed, that his ashes from Golders Green had been scattered over the adjacent garden. That was all owing to the brilliant idea of his son John. It appears that Mr. Kees was a student of psychology. He was also an author in embryo. But he was gravelled for data. His big book on the psychology of respectable people had got stuck in the midst of an important chapter. He wanted to

THOMAS WEGUELIN AS REDDISH AND BEN FIELD AS SIR THOMAS

find out what a group of respectable people would do if suddenly accused of not being so respectable as they seemed.

THIS was where son John came to his rescue. That was the day when father gave his monthly dinner to the tenants of the six other flats; why not disappear, die, be cremated, and let him—the said John—carry out a little idea of his own?

SO father agrees, but ere shuffling off his mortal coil for the experiment, he has the forethought to equip son John with a tempting wad of £100 notes. No sooner has Mr. Kees departed for his temporary abode at Golders Green than the occupants of the other flats begin to assemble. There is Sir Thomas Twinn and Miss Kate Twinn from Flat No. 2, a talkative widower and an alluring young daughter; Lady Lepard from Flat No. 3, a widow who has a crisp style of speech and an engaging manner; Mr. Arthur Tye and the Rev. George Tye from Flat No. 4, a couple of lads about town with a dash of the clerical about George; Mr. and Mrs. Reddish from Flat No. 6; Mr. and Mrs. Moore, M.P., from Flat No. 7; and Mr. Le Roy from Flat No. 8.

A PROSPECT of a good dinner—Mr. Kees's monthly feasts have a reputation the best restaurants might envy—soon reconcile the guests to the demise of their host. Besides, John assures them that it was his father's wish they should all enjoy themselves as heartily as though he were not mere

STANLEY LOGAN AS JOHN

HOBBS JUST MISSES 100

Golders Green ashes. Indeed, to add to the gaiety of the occasion, he, John, had been commissioned to hand them each a little souvenir of his father's affection.

THIS was where the wad of £100 notes came in handy. There was one for each tenant, not forgetting the last couple of the flats—Mr. and Mrs. Moore, M.P. And now, the legatary ceremony being completed, Hobbs announces "Dinner is served." But at that juncture John is showing Lady Lepard the horoscope book in which his psychological father had outlined the characters of all his tenants. Lady Lepard, to whom £100 notes are as common as ordinary Bradburys, casually places her crisp bequest in the page of her horoscope and dumps the book on to a sideboard which is commanded by a little window opening into the passage that leads to the dining-room. And when the diners have all left the room, a hand is seen coming through that window to grope for and annex Lady Lepard's legacy.

AND now the curtain comes down "to indicate the passing of an hour." When it goes up again, and the guests are back, it is not long ere Lady Lepard's £100 note is discovered to be missing. Who stole it? Was it the Rev. George, who had to meet a debt on his mission hall, or the Rev. George's brother, who was under certain obligations to a bookie, or Mr. Reddish, whose wife's health necessitated a £300 trip for her health,

or Mr. Moore, M.P., tempted by an equivalent to the miserably quarterly allowance accorded him by an ungrateful nation, or Mr. Le Roy, an actor, who obviously must have spent most of his days "resting"?

HERE was a rich vein for the psychologist of Golders Green. And if the ashes—not those under the Southern Cross—had only been present to see and hear how respectable folk behave when suspected of being criminals, how swiftly he might have completed his unfinished chapter! Especially would he have found a wealth of data in the rich vocabulary of "Thank-you-very-much" Mrs. Moore.

IS it necessary to add that Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings has fitted all these suspects with conversation which heightens the fun of the plot's complication? Or to multiply words to explain how smoothly Mr. Stanley Logan enacts the rôle of John, how crisply Miss Kate Cutler deports herself as Lady Lepard, or how Mr. Ben Field enjoys himself as Sir Thomas Twinn? And nothing short of a tornado could do justice to the hurricane of words which Miss Lola Gelardi substitutes for her mild "Thank you very much." And the thief? But it would never do to cheat the box office of its rightful dues.

H. C. S.

IN THE SECOND ACT IT WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SURPRISING IF HOBBS HAD TURNED UP IN THE ABOVE COSTUME

PRINCES & PIGSKIN

BY BOW WINDOW

As the season wanes it becomes the ambition of most keen hunting-men (who are of the right age and weight) to try their luck "between the flags." Those who have a useful hunter with a good turn of speed will put him in for the light or heavy-weight race in their local Hunt races; while others who own something extra-special may journey to Cheltenham, Sandown Park, or one or other of the larger steeplechase meetings.

The risks of steeplechasing are greater than his *entourage* may consider advisable for the Heir to the British Throne to run. Nevertheless, for reasons which I will not give here, I shall not be surprised to see the Prince of Wales riding in his own colours before the jumping season is over. It won't be his fault if he does not. That is a sure thing.

For a precedent it is necessary to go back to the days of Charles II. Charles II. was an excellent jockey. His first appearance as an owner-rider was at the Newmarket autumn meeting in 1671. In Airy's history of the times we read: "On October 12 there was a match between his (Charles II.) horse, Woodcock, and Tom Elliott's, Flatfoot, in which Woodcock was beaten." According to the old Newmarket calendar, this race was run with "owners up." In the Spring of 1675, after riding several races, Charles won his last and greatest success on the turf. "Yesterday," we read in a private letter of March 11 of that year, "His Majesty rode three heats and a course on his topping (sic) horse, Blew Capp, and won the plate. All fower were hard and neer ridden, and I doe assure you the King won by good horsemanship."

Of course, to write quite frankly, if the Prince of Wales does decide to ride in a steeplechase, he will know he has undertaken a stiff task. Riding a steeplechase is a very different matter from taking the fences as they come in a fast burst with hounds. In the hunting field there is an unwritten law that a man who has marked his place

Photograph *Topical Press*

in a fence must not be baulked at it. In a steeplechase, provided you don't bump the other man or cross him you can do what you like. Picture for a moment that first fence in the Grand National, taken may be by a dozen horses and riders, all going at full "bat" knee to knee. Imagine how steadily each man must sit and how keenly alert he must be to avoid collision.

"When in the hunting field the only pace a rider has to judge is the pace of the hounds. In race-riding he must keep his eye on other horses and be able to tell whether he can afford to let the leading horse stay five lengths ahead of him or whether he must get his whip out. He should know whether a horse is running itself out and, in spite of its lead, need not be feared, as well as what reserve of speed remains in his own animal.

Your steeplechase jockey must be fit too. It may surprise a good many people when I say that ordinary "hunting fitness" is not a high enough standard. It might well be thought that a man who had been hunting three or four days a week would be fit enough for anything. But the hunting-man who has not taken care what he ate, drank, and smoked will find a 2¾ mile steeplechase course a very heavy proposition. When he comes to those last four fences and needs every ounce of strength to help his horse, he will find himself sitting like a pair of blown bellows in the saddle if his wind has not been trained with the greatest care.

Above everything your steeplechase rider must be a man who throws his heart over a fence first. There is many a good man to hounds, who would find his heart in his mouth, if he came to an open ditch going at the pace this obstacle is taken in a steeplechase. But the 'chase rider does not think about the pace. It is a case of "get out or get under" with him from the moment the flag drops. So far as this last quality is concerned the Prince can start level with any man in the land.

Strange, Isn't It?

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

That the more one lives and travels, the more does this phenomenon become apparent

HIS FAVOURITE INSTRUMENT By F. S. May

"Vot a beautiful touch your daughter has, Ikey"
"Ah! but you ought to hear her on ze cash register, m'boy!"

"Labor Omnia Vincit"

(LABOUR TAKES THE LOT)

BY K. R. G. BROWNE

[Being an instalment of a serial submitted to, and unaccountably rejected by, the "Daily Herald," the "Workers' Dreadnought," and the "Athenæum." In consideration of its outstanding literary merit the Editor of The Bystander *has consented to give it a good home for one week only.]*

WHO'S WHAT IN THE STORY

Israel Schweinstein, an honest British workman, downtrodden beneath the thumb of the capitalist, striving gallantly to keep both ends of the wolf from meeting at the door on his pittance of twenty pounds a week gained by slaving two hours a day, two days a week, as a boiler-rivetter. He has but two objects in life: (1) to make money, and (2) to see his daughter

Dotty Schweinstein, making money as well. Dotty, a superb specimen of young English girlhood, is working her fingers to the bone in domestic service for the beggarly wage of £4 19s. a week and all found, with four afternoons off. She is pursued by

Sir Jasper Black-Black, a bloated capitalist. Need we say more? He has managed to get Israel in his power by bribing him to drive three rivets in one day instead of the regulation two, hoping thereby to force him to give up his daughter. Dotty, however, remains true to

Isidore Popski, another honest British workman, whose family originally came over with Krassin. He is fast making his way to the front of the Domino Dotters' Union.

NOW YOU CAN GET ON WITH IT.

Chapter CLXI

Israel strode heavily up the steps and entered his house; passing the butler without a word of greeting, he turned into the drawing-room, where Dotty (this being one of her evenings out) was playing softly upon a silver-gilt samovar. At sight of her father's haggard face she sprang up, blanching as well as her complexion would permit. "Father," she cried, anxiously, "Vot is it?" (In moments of stress she was inclined to revert to the dialect of her native Devonshire) "Have you got to pay that income-tax after all?"

"Worse than that," said Israel, simply, "if anything *could* be worse. I'm ruined. Sir Jasper—rivet him!—has me like that!" And he went through the motions of squeezing a sponge, though, as he had never used such an article, the resemblance was unintentional.

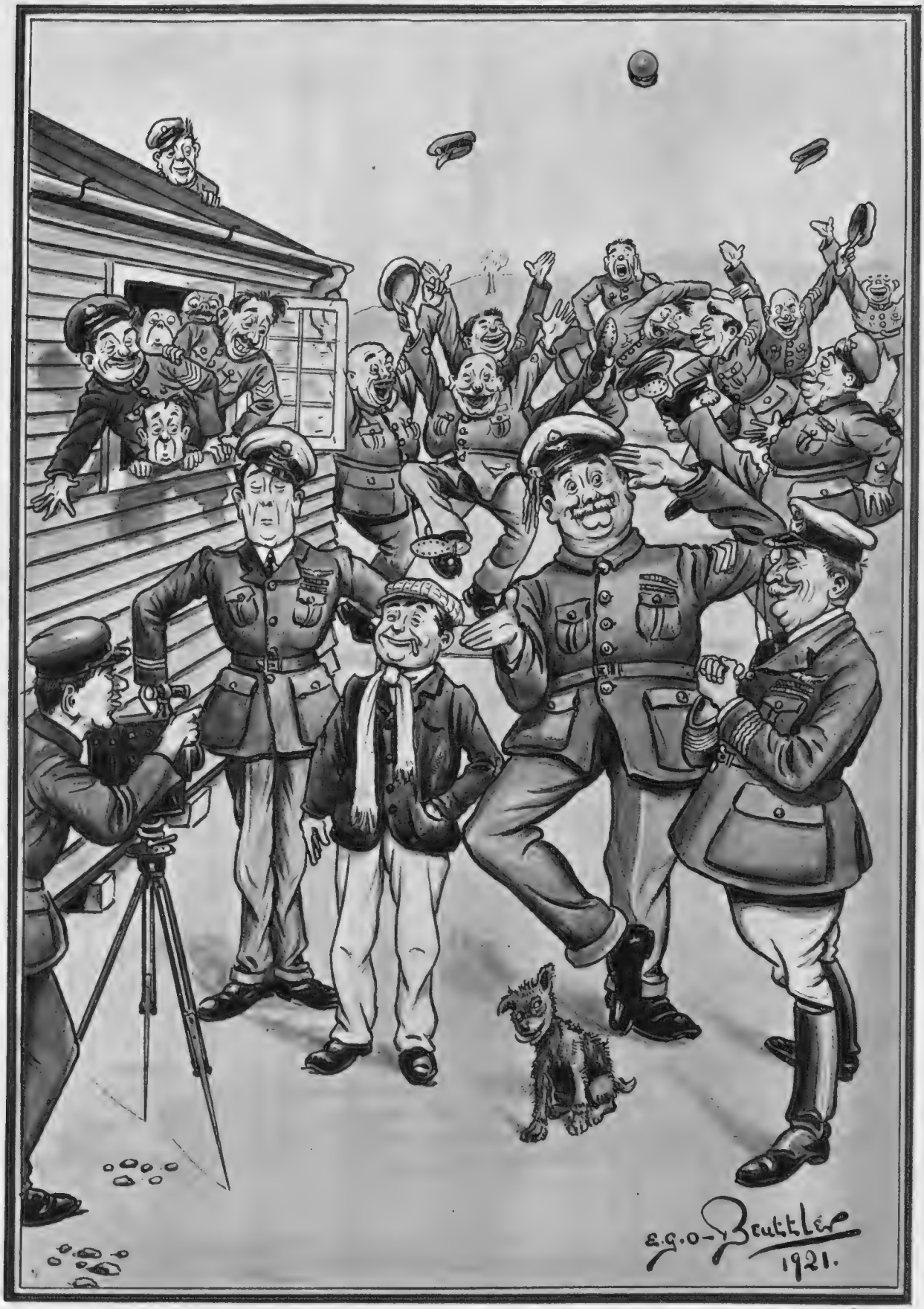
Dotty regarded him compassionately. A tear welled in her eye, trickled half-way down her cheek and stuck. Her father's (badly) drawn face, the quivering of his shoulders and the little straps that kept his trousers up round his knees, all spoke eloquently of some grave mental trouble. Israel rang for the whiskey and continued. "I am summoned to appear before the Union to account for that third rivet. Oh, goddam that third rivet!"

"Vait—wait, I mean!" said Dotty, tensely. "I have an idea!

(*Continued on page 406*)

NEW SERIES

Our Peace-Time Air Force



BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

EXCITEMENT AT UXBRIDGE: A RECRUIT AT LAST!

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT" (*concluded*)

I will go and plead with Sir Jasper!" Her father started as if stung by a tiger.

"Plead?" he said, fiercely. "Plead? Do you think I would allow you to plead with a capitalist? Rivetters never plead; they threaten! Have you no pride, girl?"

"Let me go, father! I am not afraid of any bourgeois. I will tell him that unless he confesses to the Union that it vos—was he himself who drove the third rivet, he may give up all hope of my marriage dowry."

"Ha! ha!" chuckled Israel. "He will need a marriage dowry when he gets my bill for repairing his conservatory boiler! All the same, old sports-woman, you can't do that sort of thing, really."

"Father," begged Dotty, "I——"

At this point a footman appeared at the door and announced:

"Mr. Popski." With a bound Isidore (the best bounder in his profession) sprang into the room. With one hand he gathered Dotty to his chest, with the other he grasped her father's whiskey.

"Stop!" he cried. "Sacrifice? There will be no sacrifice! I am going to Sir Jasper's house to-night to dot his dominoes. I will tackle him as man to worm. Leave it to me! Leave the marriage dowry to me! Leave everything to me! Dotty—good-bye! Israel—this is rotten whiskey! *Auf wiedersehen!*"

With a low howl of triumph he bounded out into the night.

By Thomas Henry

NATURALLY INDIGNANT

Reggie Spooner: "What the deuce has that artist chap gone and left this white circle for?"

The Ant and the Grasshopper

An Industrious Ant toiled ceaselessly to lay up a good store of food for the winter. Her neighbour, the Grasshopper, did nothing but dance. When the summer was over the Grasshopper should, by rights, have starved to death. But by this time she was an accomplished dancer.

So she opened a school, where she taught Jazzing at a guinea a lesson, and simply made piles of money. So she had a Royal Time. In the meanwhile a thief stole the Ant's store of provisions, so she died of hunger.

Moral: Jazz.

Taming the Tiger

(*Psycho-analysis has been recommended for naughty babies.*)

Parents, however meek and mild,
Must sometimes be censorious—
To spare the rod and spoil the child
Is far from meritorious.

When infants make the welkin ring
At periods somniferous,
And make a habit of the thing,
They quickly grow pestiferous.

Disgruntled guardians condemn
In terms of some acidity,
A wail produced at 3 a.m.
With relish and rapidity.

Much mutual benefit will come
If Spartan parents hastening
At such a time to make things hum,
Administer a chastening.

A not too horny human hand,
Applied with mathematical
Precision, makes a baby bland
When fractious and fanatical.

Later the child will proffer thanks
Sincere, not hypocritical—
Provided the parental spanks
Were psycho-analytical!

E. L. Roberts

Preparing for the Next War!

ETON'S O.T.C. FIELD DAY IN RICHMOND PARK

MARCHING THROUGH RICHMOND

Preparatory to the manœuvres that ensued in the Park

Photographs Sport and General

PRINCE NICHOLAS OF ROUMANIA

Enjoying a drink from his water bottle after the route march

Photograph Reginald Silk

MR. SMITH-BINGHAM

Acted as A.D.C. to the Staff, and thereby avoided (not purposely, of course) the more strenuous work of pretending to fight

Photograph *Sport and General*

"A LULL IN THE BATTLE"

Eton boys had a big field day in Richmond Park recently. Besides School O.T.C.'s, in which service is compulsory, Territorial regiments are finding their ranks swelling appreciably. Somehow, men cannot get out of the habit of soldiering, and never again, let us hope, shall we be caught unawares

LAUNCHING A

BY WILMOT LUNT

NEW DESTROYER

"She has smacked it hard"

The BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

OUR ACTRESSES TELL THE POLICE.

MES AMIS—

ONE has always to be careful when one reads that something comes to happen to an actress. There has been so many times a "catch," and one has learned that all the plot has been arranged to make advertisement. So Paris has all of the time the great suspicion. And recently has been the severe test. But at the end Paris has had to believe. For it has happened that in this case all the *histoires* have been true. Which is all the more *extraordinaire* because they have come so quickly one upon the other. No sooner has our Paris scoffed at the improbableness of one, than has come the other that has been more unlikely still. Yet every one has had to be accepted. They have been taken down in the writing and used as the evidence with the police.

IT has been our popular Jane Renouardt who has been the first of the Paris actresses to start this sequence of *faits divers* which have till the end provoked the scepticism. There has been a *thé* of the fashionables at the Hotel of Claridge's in the Champs-Élysées. Besides Mlle. Renouardt there has been Mlle. Jacqueline Campbell, another actress who for a long time has been a companion *intime* but has ceased to be since a few weeks or a few months. They have met at the swing doors and Mlle. Renouardt has smacked hard the face of Mlle. Campbell. Two times she has smacked it hard. There is not any doubt about it. If one had not heard it at the other end of the very long corridor in the Claridge, in which one feels so far away from the street, it would be known to everyone for Mlle. Jane Renouardt has told of it. She has even told the magistrate about it, not minding that he is a gentleman who looks severe and has a blind eye for the daintiest of ankles.

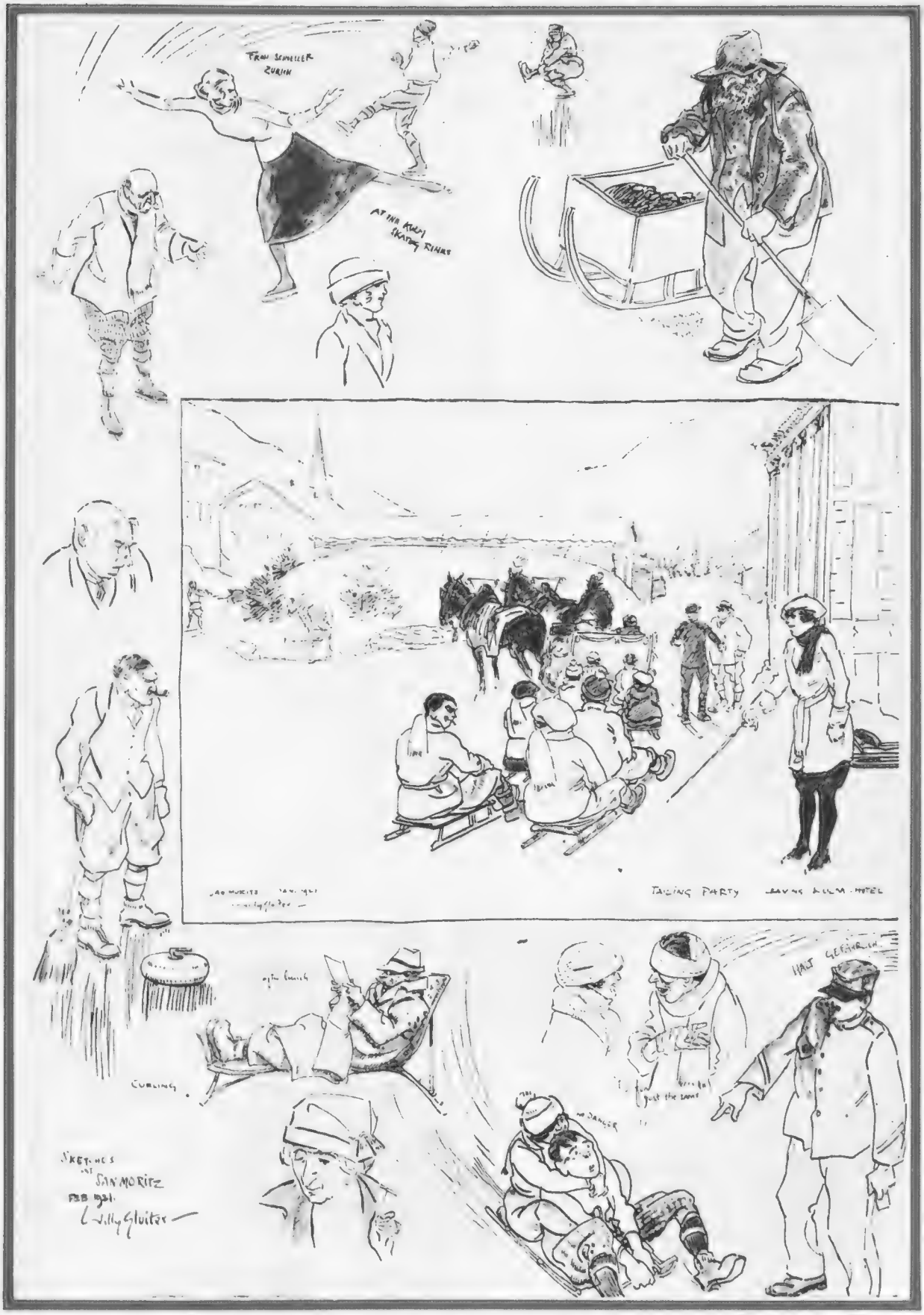
REALLY it has been Mlle. Campbell who has made Mlle. Renouardt to tell the magistrate, because she has deposed a plaint. The story of Mlle. Campbell is that the vengeful Jane has torn off her pearl necklace, besides to smack her face, and that many of the pearls are unrecovered. It is this detail of the necklace of pearls that has made Paris to be so filled with the scoffs. Actresses have so many times been robbed of their *colliers de perles* when they have wished that the public should not be in danger to forget them. But Mlle. Campbell has been in this case quite serious. She has insisted that the point must be decided. For Mlle. Renouardt has sworn at the magistrate that she has not touched the pearls. She has said that what has been her object is to reproach her friend *de jadis* "for acts against me which have been the cause of much trouble in my life." Neither of the antagonists has gone into the details further, but one of the unblushing weekly papers has thrown the shadow of the Eternal Triangle. It is not for little me to make the similar incursion into the geometry of the morals, so I leave it now to you to pull your own conclusions.

'The magistrate has a blind eye for the daintiest of ankles'

WHILE we have still been pondering on what exactly can have caused the severance of the friendship, we have been *détourné* by an artiste of the Comédie Française. She has tried to prove at once that no intention of *publicité* is meant. She seeks to be the heroine anonymous. The all that we have been allowed to read has been that she is Mademoiselle E. It is

(Continued on page 412)

All the Fun of the Frost



BY WILLY SLUITER

IMPRESSIONS BY OUR ARTIST AT ST. MORITZ

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

not very difficult, of course, to make the guesses when one has got *exemplaires* of *Tout-Paris*. And so it soon is whispered who is E.

WELL, E has told the *commissaire* that she is worried by a most peculiar person, who has followed her from here to there and never said a word. He waits for her to come outside the house, and walks along behind, and if she takes the autobus or Metro. he accomplishes to get the seat *en face*, and looks so hard at her she knows not what to do. She tells to the police chief she has tried to make escape by visits to the provinces, but just on her arrival she has seen that the Mysterious One awaits her on the platform. What to do about it ? she has asked. And, *comme d'habitude*, the wise man of police can only shake his head and say he will inquire. He has not a clue to show if it is pearls the pursuer is seeking, or is love too deep for words. *En tout cas*, the ooph, as I have seen him called in one of the most quaintest of the English newspapers of Paris, has decided to disappear since Mlle. E. has signalled his strange manners to the police. None has known if it is fear or shyness which has caused the vanishment. I myself am much inclined to think it is because he has been called an ooph. If one had said to me I was an ooph I would have challenged to a duel. I feel it must be something very dreadful. Perhaps you know. If that is so, I wish that you would tell me. *Qu'est-ce que c'est*, an ooph ?

"The Mysterious One awaits her on the platform"

THE day has scarcely closed upon the story of the ooph and E. before has come the next of these adventures. The start has happened near the Frolics. The most sympathetic-looking Mademoiselle Raymonde Paulmy (she, as all the others, has provided all the detail to the police) has become acquainted with a gentleman who sent to her his card. Because the card has said "Comte Paul de Polignac," and Raymonde much has read of it in history, she has not been suspicious. She has, in fact, been very trustful. This is not difficult to understand, for Paul has had a limousine, a monocle, and manners of the extreme polish. He has been altogether so *distingué* and bewitching that upon his going to discover some hours later he has left his home without his *porte-feuille*, Mademoiselle has had no fear to lend to him a little *billet de mille*. Paul the Comte has given his *parole* that he would pass to pay the thousand francs a little later in the day, and so the gentle Raymonde has had sweet, untroubled dreams. But the afternoon has brought no Paul, and one more broken romance is recorded in the dusty *dossiers* that contain more throbs than all the novels of our Marcel Prevost.

NOT so sad has been the *histoire* of the final actress of the which I go to write. It is rather like a chapter of the honoured Balzac. She, of course, is very angry, but there is no reason to reveal the name. It has happened that this actress has been treated for an ailment with a new discovery which has been the interest of the *savants*. And the *savants* have been present at the operation. But the actress has discovered that among the *savants* there has been a journalist. So now the atmosphere is tense. The storm has not yet broken. ROLAND

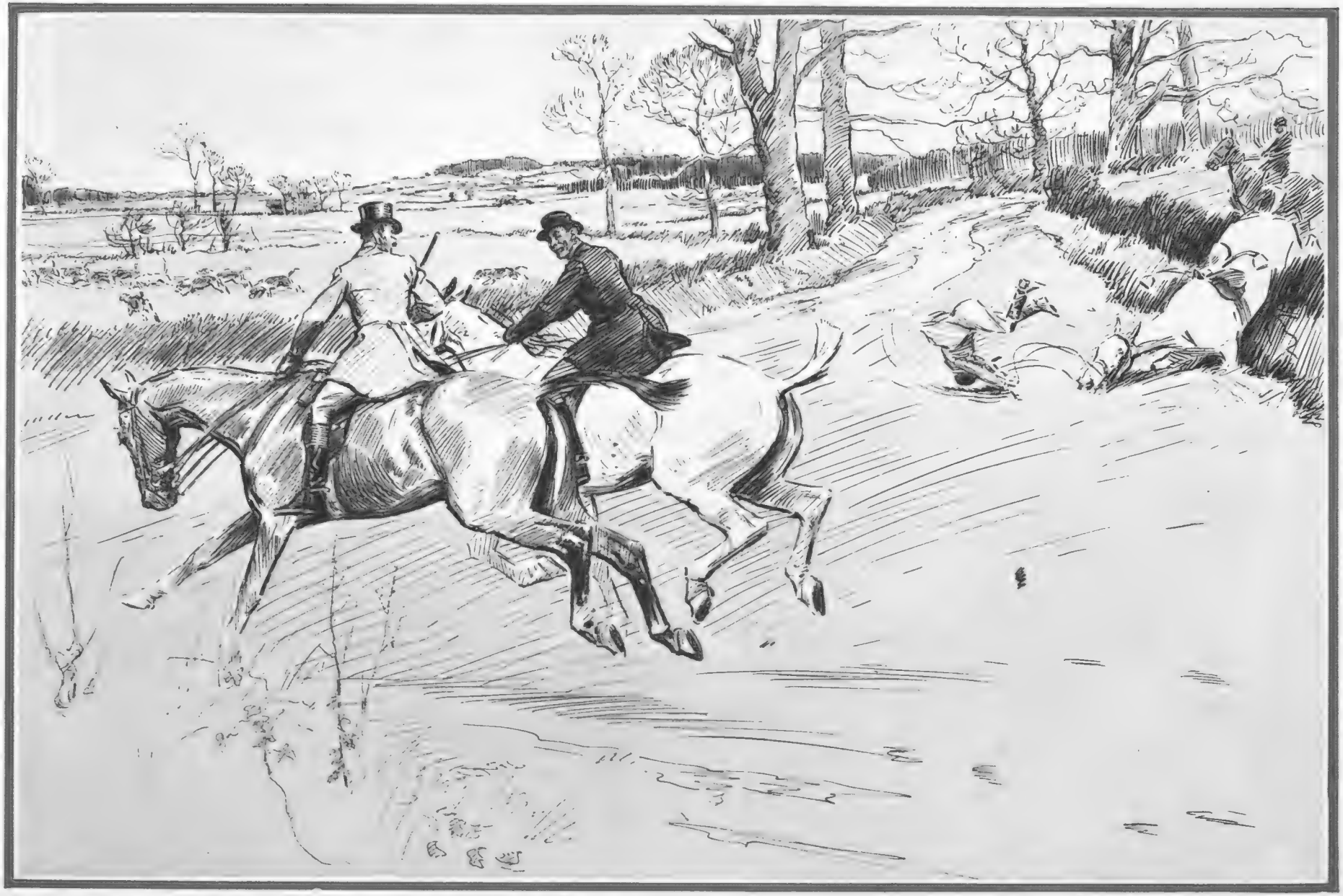
"She has had sweet, untroubled dreams"

New Police Regulations

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF MOTORISTS

Rough on the Huntsman!



BY LIONEL EDWARDS

MEMBER: "Hullo! The old huntsman's down!"
HARD-RIDING STRANGER *(not much impressed with his skill)*: "Good job, too. *Now* we may get a hunt!"

VERY SECRET SERVICE

BY W. HOLT-WHITE

THE hero of this brief but arrestingly sensational story suffered from two crippling, if hereditary, handicaps. He was ideally, painfully, and disgustingly handsome; and his name was Montmorency De Vere Vavasseur.

Thus by nature he was fully equipped to become the hero of serial Romance; but, having to live in the world as it is, and face life's battle without the fostering aid of Fiction Editors, he found his destiny a cruel one. His almost supernal beauty rendered him immediately suspect of a Sex prejudiced by a popularly psychological journalism which propounded such absorbing conundrums as "Do Handsome Husbands Pay?" At first glance every woman instantly decided that he was much too handsome to be true—to her.

As for men, when they had done laughing at his preposterous name, they simply loathed the sight of him. "Tailor's Dummy" and "Matinée Idol" were among the mildest insults he had to endure.

All of which was most undeserved; for Montmorency De Vere Vavasseur was really a decent fellow and a good sportsman. But the social ostracism which resulted from the combination of his high-falutin' name and his high-art looks preyed upon his mind and, seeking in desperation escape from his unfortunate position, he answered an attractive looking "agony" advertisement. This was the "agony."

WANTED, at once, for mission of importance and danger, young man, gentleman, of proved courage and resource. Demobilised officer preferred.—Apply, in first place, to Cheatem, Torts, Rackrent, Torts, Cheatem and Robinson, Solicitors, Gray's Inn.

After a considerable length of time Vavasseur secured an interview with Mr. Robinson. The lawyer obviously didn't like the look of him at all, but, finally, after swearing Vavasseur to secrecy, instructed him to meet and follow a man holding a newspaper who would be outside the Café Vermouth in Charlotte Street, Soho, that night at nine o'clock.

Charmed with the initial mystery of the adventure, Vavasseur kept the tryst, but while he waited the materialisation of the man with the newspaper he was attacked by three cut-throats. Having dealt with these three gentlemen even as Carpentier had dealt with Beckett, Monty—for it was by this name that his family knew him—lit a cigarette and waited further. Presently one of the recumbent figures rose, and, producing a newspaper, most respectfully bade Vavasseur to follow him.

Vavasseur nonchalently accompanied his guide from Soho to Whitehall where the man entered a gloomy building, at the door of which there was a large brass plate which bore the inscription "Very Secret Service." Vavasseur was then ushered into the presence of an iron-jawed man with gimlet eyes and a double row of ribbons. He was a Brigadier-General, and sat at a plain deal table. On either side of him was a vicious-looking brass-hatted Lieutenant-Colonel.

Bang! Bang! A revolver barked at Vavasseur's back, and two bullets ripped through his clothing, just grazing his skin. "Is this really necessary, Sir?" asked our hero, politely. "I am wearing a new suit."

Before the General could reply a Major (R.A.M.C.) dashed out from behind a screen and said to the Brigadier, "I certify that there is nothing wrong with this young gentleman's heart, Sir."

"Mph!" growled the General. "Very well, Mr.—Vavasseur, I gravely mistrust your appearance and your name is beastly—beastly—but I have the honour to inform you that in the opinion of myself and my Board you have successfully passed the preliminary tests for entering the Very Secret Service. Are you prepared, on your own responsibility, to attempt to pass the rest of the test? I must warn you that it is severe!"

"Delighted, Sir," said Montmorency Vavasseur, with a fascinating smile.

"Damned barber's block of a puppy!" muttered the General. Aloud he said: "Very well, Mr. Vavasseur, but don't blame me if you don't like it."

One of the Lieutenant-Colonels then whisked Montmorency Vavasseur to Hounslow in a car driven through the night at reckless speed. At Hounslow Vavasseur was bidden to enter an aeroplane and the masked pilot immediately got under way. At 20,000 feet the engine stopped, the pilot apparently fainted, and the machine began to hurtle downwards. Vavasseur, with a sigh of boredom, climbed over the pilot's shoulder and, taking charge of the machine, landed neatly back in the aerodrome.

The Brigadier was there in waiting. He glanced at Vavasseur shrewdly and grunted. "Not so bad," he said. "However, we shall see what——"

At this moment Vavasseur's feet were swept from under him and his ankles lashed together. He was then thrown into a reservoir.

Floating on his back he paddled to the bank and, with a pleasant smile, gazed up at the Brigadier who was glaring down at him. "You ought to have had my hands tied as well, Sir, don't you think?" said Montmorency. "It makes it harder, you know!"

"You are doing quite well," said the General, grudgingly, after Vavasseur had been fished out. "You shall have the rest of the evening to yourself."

Vavasseur drove home, changed, and looked in at the Majestic for supper. Almost immediately the head waiter insinuated a radiant creature in what appeared to be a Jazz gown of green sequins into the only other seat at Vavasseur's table.

Far from resenting the intrusion Vavasseur was enchanted and, after

"VERY SECRET SERVICE" (*concluded*)

a brief period of embarrassment, the pair became excellent friends. Later, as the lights were being lowered, the lady, faintly brushing Vavasseur's brown hand with her slim white fingers, intimated that as her cavalier had failed to put in an appearance, she would be grateful for the protection of Vavasseur's escort as far as her flat.

No sooner had they arrived at their destination, however, than to Vavasseur's horror, she flung herself with a strangled cry at his feet, exclaiming: "Montmorency Vavasseur, be warned in time! I know the rash hazard on which you are embarking! It cannot succeed. Indeed, it can only result in your death and doom. Abandon it while there is yet time and I am yours!"

"Madam!" said Montmorency Vavasseur, coldly, "I am not to be daunted by danger. Nor, fascinating though you may be, can love lure me from the path of duty!"

At this the lady rose from his feet and encircled his neck with her soft white arms while she smothered his face with passionate kisses. But, in the mirror on the opposite wall, Vavasseur saw that the beautiful enchantress held a pistol in one hand and a dagger in the other at the back of his neck. He immediately disarmed her and summoned the police.

On the following morning Vavasseur called again, as he had been directed, at the Headquarters of the Very Secret Service. The Brigadier was almost affable. "Out of nine thousand and thirteen candidates, Mr. Vavasseur," he said, "you alone have survived our tests. We now regard you as fit to enter the Very Secret Service. It remains to be seen, however, whether you have the courage to accept the mission which is now offered you. You will be required to disguise yourself as a Labour Leader, proceed to Petrograd, and return with Lenin and Trotsky in your possession within ten days."

"Good gracious, Sir," cried Vavasseur, "Is that all? I thought if I entered the Very Secret Service I should get something really difficult."

The General nearly choked. "Great Heavens! man," he exclaimed. "What more do you want? We aren't asking you to act for the pictures, you know."

"Apparently not," said Vavasseur. "But perhaps you will understand me better if I explain that before I joined the Army I was known as Jack Smith, the super-hero of the Sensational Stunt Movie Dramas."

The General sat back in his chair like a man stunned. "It's incredible—incredible!" he said, at last. "Jack Smith was just the man we wanted for the Very Secret Service and understanding that he had enlisted in the Army, we searched high and low for him—or you.

"So urgently, indeed," the General continued, "did we require your services that the task of discovering your whereabouts was placed in the hands of Captain Marcus Aurelius Jones, who was reported to me from France as the most able Intelligence Officer we had. He hunted for you in all the theatres of War for four years, and how you escaped his net, especially with your—er—good looks, is a mystery to us. And now here you are! It is the hand of Providence, Sir—the hand of Providence!"

Vavasseur reddened a shade. "Well, you see, Sir," he said, "it's probably my unfortunate appearance which accounts for the whole thing. My wretched 'Matinée Idol' face would have made me a jest with any decent body of fighting men. So, before I joined up, and being a bit of an actor, I faked myself to look 'ugly' in order to be taken seriously. You really can't blame your Intelligence Staff, especially as I also changed what, I agree with you, is my beastly name. As a matter of fact, I knew that you were looking for me but, as I was perfectly satisfied with my new identity and my new job, I didn't care about being found. You see, Sir, I was Captain Aurelius Jones!" W. H.-W.

Photograph, exclusive to THE BYSTANDER, *by Vandyk*

MAUD ALLAN

Who is appearing at the Palladium for a series of performances. Since her last visit to England she has been touring the Dominions and America, finishing quite recently at New York

"You Made Me Love Them"—

BY A. K. MACDONALD

HE: "During the three weeks I have been away I have written you daily—sometimes twice a day—and yet I find on my return that you've been flirting outrageously with every Tom, Dick and Harry in the place"

SHE (*tearfully*): "But, R-R-Rupert, d-d-darling, your letters were so passionate!"

Last Season's Model

"Who is that, my dear?"

"I can't think of his name for the moment, mother—but I took him to two or three dances last Autumn"

BY HIGGINS

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February* 21

DEAR COUSIN—

I WONDER which'll take longer in the end, the War or the Peace? Two new Peace Conferences just starting in London now, which is just two years and a quarter since those delirious days when the Armistice was signed and we thought all our troubles were over at last. Only another couple of years to make it a dead-heat—and doesn't seem such an absolutely and entirely impossible off-chance, either, judging by what's happened up to now.

SOME job, apparently, for one thing, getting the Huns to come to heel about indemnities and things, especially as we keep on being so kind and generous and forbearing to our "beaten enemies"—quite contrary, by the way, to the wishes of our ally, France, who, after all, knows 'em better and at closer quarters than anyone. And already, with the usual Teuton mixture of whining and bounce, they've declared point-blank that they can't ever possibly, whatever happens, pay more than seven thousand five hundred millions, which is nearly four thousand millions less than our (after all) not so very exorbitant or brutal demands from the country which plunged Europe into all the blood and agony and misery and ruin of a world-war.

ALSO, some people do say (or whisper, anyway) that Peace-conferring is not altogether an unpleasant *or* unprofitable business for them that conduct its mysterious and strangely long-drawn-out operations. Nice fat Government pay, of course, for everyone concerned (with no nasty, dirty, messy fighting to do for it), and free Government quarters at the best hotels, and lots of quite pleasant banquets and receptions and so on from time to time. . . . and, of course, it would *never* do, would it, to spoil such delicate and important negotiations by any premature hustling or indecent haste?

AND, after all, as it's you and I in the end that pay for it all, if you and I don't worry about it why should anyone else? And we don't seem to, you know, not much—even though Mr. Lloyd George himself (in his pessimistic mood of this week, whatever he may have said last) tells us that we're engaged in a terrible task. . . . The world is restless, demoralised; the machinery of trade is dislocated. . . The danger is not past. . . . The danger is still there—the peril of the War, the dislocation of the War, the difficulties of getting things to move and go; you don't even know where you are in reference to Germany. . . .

"Every woman should look as nice as she can . . . ."

BUT, somehow, as I say, in the dangers of peace, as in the dangers of war, we, somehow, seem to go on very much as before. We remain calm, and, as they used to say when we "carried on" while the world was falling about our ears, "splendid." I suppose it is that "people cannot keep themselves elevated permanently on some plane above the normal"—to quote Colonel Repingeton's explanation, in his newest book, of how we managed "to go on with our usual life at home when we were reading of three to four thousand casualties a day." And fortunately, too, perhaps. Because if we *could* reach up to the extra-normal all the time the ordinary things of life simply wouldn't get done, would they? It'd hardly seem worth while.

"The old-time panoply of scarlet and gold"

IT'S to be a critical session of Parliament, everyone agrees, this one that was opened last week with all the old-time panoply of scarlet and gold and ermine and postillions and prancing steeds and all the rest of it. What exactly is to happen, nobody knows. But what with taxes going up and up, and one borough even levying a rate of thirty-two shillings in the pound,

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

and unemployment still increasing, and the politicians all intriguing against each other as hard as they can . . . wouldn't really be at all surprising, perhaps, if we *did* have some sort of a big bust-up!

卐 卐

BUT are we downhearted? Once more, emphatically no. Even the news that Shakespeare was really a German, and that Adam and Eve were "raised" in the State of Ohio, has failed to damp our spirits or shake us from our workaday calm and absorption in the everyday affairs of life. Far more intriguing to most of us than any political crisis is the great Efficiency Exhibition at Olympia or the coming of the first primrose, and the question, "Is there a sex war?" goes deeper and closer to our hearts than any problem of mere material war or peace. Talking of "sex," there certainly do appear to be some rather surprising differences of opinion to-day about what women ought or ought not to do, and especially to wear.

"Someone's got to denounce things"

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THE temptation of overdressing, says one cleric, is exaggerated. Every woman should look as nice as she can. . . . But, according to another, we cannot look on the dress of some of our women without fear and shame. Their dress and demeanour are often alluring (tut! tut!), and often stimulate to temptation. . . . While in Philadelphia, U.S.A., a council of ministers has actually measured it all up and decided that skirts must be loose, opaque, and not more than 7½ inches from the ground, and bodices not more than 3 inches open at the neck.

"As in the Middle Ages"

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SORT of dress with which, as one sympathetic critic remarks, all a poor girl can do is to "work her eyes." The penalty for non-compliance is not stated, but whatever it is, I think, we can fairly assume, don't you, that women—all the best women, that is—will proceed (as in the Middle or any other Ages) just to go her own way? And that men—all the best men, that is—will continue to aid and abet her in her reprehensible courses, if she needs any aiding and abetting . . . which she generally doesn't.

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NOT many seven-inches-above-the-ground or three-inches-below-the-neck frocks to be seen here in London now anyway! Of course, the whole idea's really too absurd, and's only encouraged and spread abroad by those with the sort of mind, *or* leg, that's quite unfit for publication. When you think that for years now frocks (except in Court circles) have come only a fraction below the knee, and that any sort of skirt even has been washed out of existence for winter sports wear. . . .

卐 卐

SOMEONE'S got to denounce things, though, I suppose, and get frightfully cross about all the awful ways we carry on—or else life would seem too frightfully dull to be lived sometimes, wouldn't it? Expect, you know, there are really quite a lot of people prepared to declaim against the "immorality" of even poor old Omar Khayyam, whose "Rubaiyat" is being rather pleasingly given at the Philharmonic Hall just now as a "dramatic and musical spectacle," with Mr. Fisher White in the chief part. Immoral, surely, to adjure us, however tunefully, to—

> Come fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
> Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;
> The Bird of Time has but a little way
> To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

卐 卐

AND a philosophy which I'm sure would not be approved by any councils of ministers, *or* Pussyfoot propagandists, the one that cries—

> Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
> To-day of past Regrets and Future Fears:
> *To-morrow!*—why, To-morrow I may be
> Myself with Yesterday's Seven Thousand Years!

Yet somehow Omar, with all his "paganism," has, even to-day, and in spite of being quoted almost to death, an appeal which haunts one in a way for which even the beauty of FitzGerald's wonderful translation does not wholly account. Is it, I wonder, because his philosophy is so audacious and yet so simple, so limited and unpretentious, and at the same time so frank and bold?

With love, Yours ever, BLANCHETTE

TORTURE

The following letter dated 16th January, 1921, has been sent to us by an admirer of our Whisky:

> "The exquisite form of torture in which you are at present indulging, by means of Press advertisements, is strangely reminiscent of that practised by those men of the dim ages who slowly killed their starving victims by allowing them to gaze on, but not to partake of, rich and splendid foods.
> I shall not, I trust, be deemed to be offending against good taste when I remark that the article which is backed by such advertising must indeed be a pearl of great price. For me, alas! that pearl is still hidden in the field.
> I wonder if you would help me to find it?"

Naturally we persuaded one of our Distributing Agents to attend to his requirements. It must be exasperating to a very large number of our excellent friends to find that there is such a demand for

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

part of which could be met, and the resulting increase of duty paid to the Government, were it not for the fact that the Control requires us to make a loss on every case that we sell in the Home Market.

We have the Whisky; we are willing to sell it at a profit; we are even willing to pay more to the Government in Duty and Income Tax than we are now doing, but Control prevents us from doing so.

Another Control says we must not, without getting their consent, export more Whisky than we did in 1916.

Exportation is the life blood of this country and should be encouraged in every possible manner.

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RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

MR. JOHN COLEMAN, CAPTAIN BENNET—

And "Submit's" leg. There is no greater testimony to the skill of that prince of veterinary surgeons, "Jack" Coleman, than the wonderful performances of the sixteen-year-old "crock," "Submit." He is now ridden by the tip-top amateur horseman, Captain Bennet

Soldier Jockeys

One cannot withhold sympathy from those who held commissions in the War and yet are debarred from running or riding horses in five of the Service races at the Grand Military Meeting. Still, I feel it would be altering the character of this popular fixture if they were allowed to compete against officers who are at present on the active list, and on the whole I think the decision of the Stewards is the right one. It is quite clear that the majority of soldier jockeys would cut an inglorious figure over the Sandown course compared with such consummate horsemen as Mr. Harry Brown and Captain G. H. Bennet. The latter is riding better than ever this season, and has firmly established himself as a jockey of fine hands, judgment of pace, resource, and nerve. He is now practising in his profession at Newmarket, and they say he is as good a "vet." as he is a horseman.

Corn Sack's Chance

Things are beginning to straighten themselves out with regard to the Lincolnshire Handicap. I do not imply that it is easier to spot the winner than it was a fortnight ago, but it is at least something to know that certain horses are definitely intended to represent their stables. For example, doubts as to Corn Sack have been removed. If he remains well he will be sent to Lincoln, and it is said that his owner has backed him. Mr. J. B. Joel, however, seldom puts on his betting boots as he did in the old days. It is all in Corn Sack's favour that he will be ridden by Donoghue. The Lincoln mile should be exactly to his liking, and though I heard it stated last week that his former trainer does not regard him as a horse likely to come early to hand, I can see no real reason why he should not be as fit as any of his rivals next month.

The Ugly One

What are we to make of Ugly Duckling? Backers must have lost many thousands over this horse last year. Evidently they do not despair of him, for he was a clear favourite for the Lincoln last week. Taking him on his Kempton Jubilee form, his chance of success is obvious; but I fancy he is now getting past his best. I would not attempt to stall you off if you have made up your mind to back him, for he is nicely handicapped, but he disappointed me so badly last season that I have become rather tired of him. I have a sneaking fancy for Elfterion, but I shall not make a definite selection yet awhile.

A Likely Double

If you want a double on the Lincoln and National, why not couple two of the best jockeys—Donoghue and Jack Anthony? This means Corn Sack and Daydawn, who represent a 200 to 1 chance at the time of writing. Personally, I am not altogether enamoured of Daydawn as a Grand National horse, but it is manifest that Frank Hartigan and Baron F. de Tuyll have a high opinion of his prospects, otherwise they would not have made an agreement with Anthony to ride him. My own idea is that his stable companion, Gracious Gift, is the more likely of the two to stay and jump the Liverpool country. The Grand National preserves the extremely open appearance it assumed when Always was withdrawn, and goodness knows which horse will be favourite on the day of the race.

This Week's Events

We can always depend upon excellent sport at Newbury, and the meeting there this week looks like being decidedly successful. Indeed, the week's racing should be good all round, as there are some big stakes to be contested at Manchester on Friday and Saturday. The Newbury Steeplechase on Wednesday may be won by **Turkey Buzzard** and the Greenham Hurdle Handicap on the following day by **Henry B.** At Manchester **Garryvoe** may win the Grand Allies' Steeplechase, and **Manrico** is my selection for the Salford Borough Hurdle Race.

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If "cheapness" means low initial price then rule Summits out at once, but if it means value—that is another story . . .

A Summit Collar to-day at 1/3 is precisely the same collar as in pre-war days. It is because it is the same as of old that it costs 1/3. If it only *looked* the same the price could be 1/-, or possibly 10d., *and even then yield a higher margin of profit to its producers.*

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In one of his happiest moods, "The Tout" gives us a page of some of the keenest followers of the neighbouring packs, the Hertfordshire and the Old Berkeley, including their respective Masters, Lord Cavan and Lord Chesham

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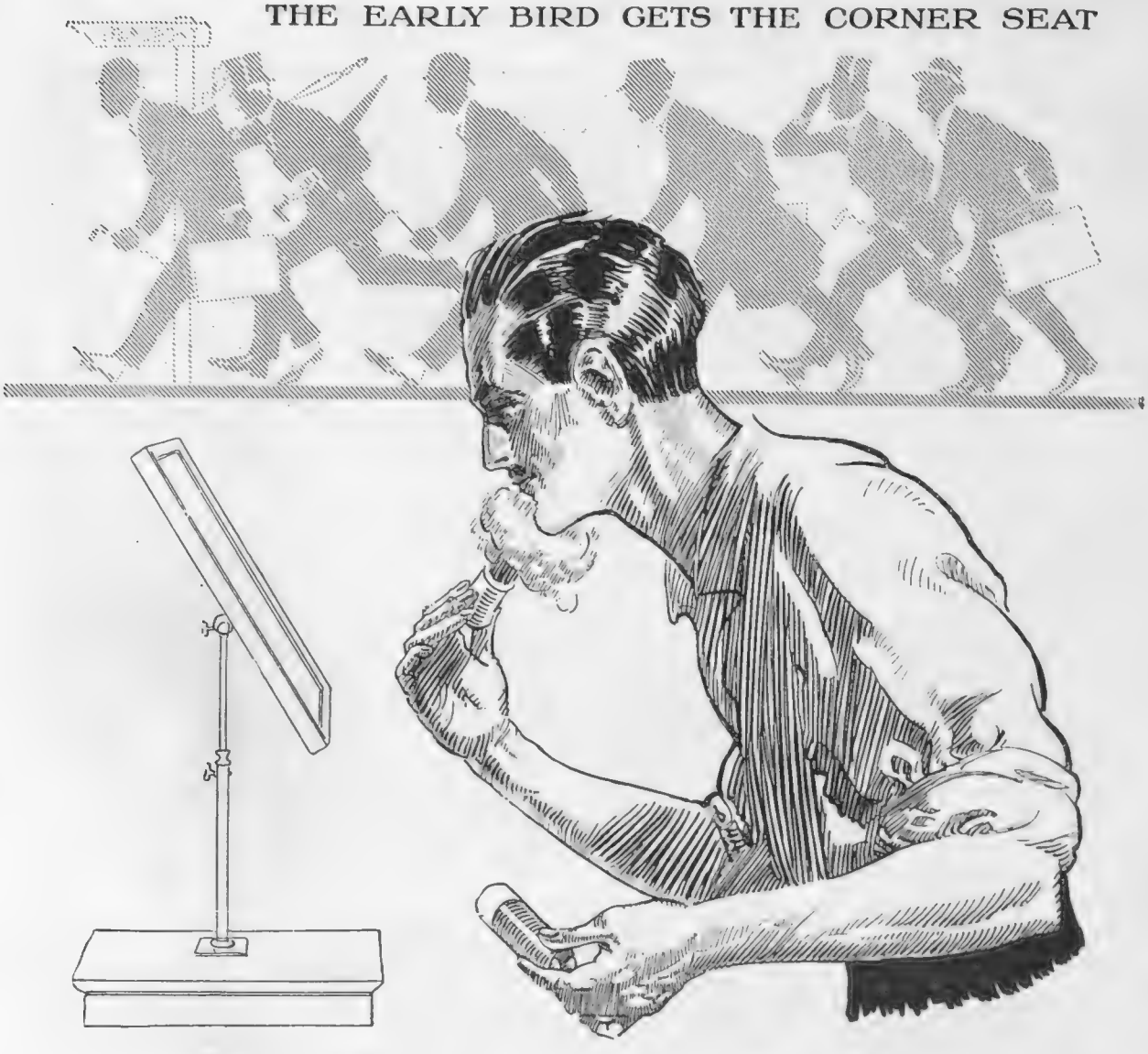

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Photograph] THE TRIAL EIGHTS AT ETON: THE WINNING CREW [*L.N.A.*
Believers in omens will probably see a tip for the forthcoming 'Varsity boatrace in the result of the Trial Eights at Eton, for the Dark Blue crew beat the Light Blue crew after a very close race, by a bare quarter of a length. Names: W. J. Lysley (bow), R. E. Morrison, R. W. Paine, E. A. Doughty, S. Joel, C. E. Pitman, H. G. Babington-Smith, C. R. M. Eley (stroke), D. Y. Hext (cox)

Sports & Pastimes

GOLF

The Standard Ball Shindy

THE excitement over the stymie question has been quite eclipsed by the 'orrible revelations recently disclosed of the power of the new standard ball. They, of course, afford splendid material for "copy" for the golfing journalist and for those players who are keen on airing their views in the correspondence columns of the Press. But I fancy that just a little too much fuss is being made over them. It seems a little unfair, too, to accuse the Rules of Golf Committee of having made a "bloomer," and a little panicky to suggest that the game is in danger of being ruined by what they have done. The object which led to the introduction of a standard ball has been defeated, because that introduction happens to have synchronised with the discovery by the manufacturers of a means of making a ball travel still further even than the longest travellers of a short time back. That seems to me to be all it really amounts to.

A Blessing in Disguise

GOLFERS are not in any way committed to this standard ball. If, as seems certain, it fails to behave in the manner expected of it, there is nothing to prevent its being discarded. Nor am I at all sure that the trouble which has arisen will not eventually prove a blessing in disguise. I think that the ultimate effect of it will be the standardisation of the floater which, even if it involves a departure from uniformity with America, seems to be a consummation most devoutly to be wished The floater is the propet implement with which to play golf as it should be played.

Photograph *Sport and General*
E. D. MOUNTAIN
The Cambridge Blue, winning the half-mile in the final round of the second division of the Inter-Collegiate Competition at Cambridge last week. He also won the hundred yards and the quarter-mile, and so contributed materially to the victory of his College, Corpus Christi, over St. Catharine's, by 62 points to 38

Photograph THE HARROW ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL ELEVEN *Sport and General*
Who won their match against Repton on the Harrow Playing Fields last Tuesday by two goals to one. Harrovians have only recently started playing Association as an alternative to the Harrow game, which is peculiar to themselves, so that to beat a school like Repton was a distinct achievement. Names: C. T. Bennett (goal); H. G. Enthoven and F. O. G. Lloyd (backs); J. Hermon, N. L. Whitworth and L. G. Crawley (half-backs); W. L. Tregonning, E. R. Mayer, I. Spencer (Capt.), H. Thorne-Thorne and A. E. Dickinson (forwards)

RUGBY FOOTBALL

"Noblesse Oblige"

As we were leaving the ground after the match at Twickenham between England and Ireland an old Oxford Blue said to me, "There was a good deal too much 'boot' in the first half, and, since some of the players lost their tempers, it is all the more to their credit that they recovered them in the

second." I agree. No doubt at half-time there was a little straight talk from those in authority which had the desired effect; but all the same it was distinctly unfortunate—to put it mildly—in the circumstances, since the match was honoured by the presence of the King, that any of the players should have lost their tempers at all.

The Forward of the Future

THERE is one thing that this match indicated even more plainly than the other "big" matches which have preceded it this season, and that is that the forward game of to-morrow is likely to differ materially from the forward game of yesterday. The forward of the future, besides being a genuine hard-worker in the scrummage, will have pace as well, and be able to use his hands as cleverly as he uses his feet. I don't suppose the good old-fashioned dribbling rush will ever go right out of fashion—it would be a great pity if it did—but forwards are evidently now finding that it pays better, in the loose, to pick the ball up and pass it from hand to hand than to take it along with the feet. The match-winning side of the future will be the side which, like the present England side, includes three or four forwards who can handle and pass the ball with precision and run pretty fast while they are doing it.

Photograph S. H. FRY *L. N. A.*

Who has established a record by winning the Amateur Championship of billiards seven times. He is also an expert golfer

HOCKEY

Next Week's 'Varsity Match

EVERYBODY is expecting Cambridge to win the 'Varsity hockey match at Beckenham next Wednesday, and, consequently, nobody will be surprised if they don't. Except, perhaps, in the case of the Boat Race, we look for the unexpected to happen in Inter-'Varsity competition, and recent history has furnished more upsets than usual. We shall, at any rate, see a contrast in styles. The Cambridge eleven are exponents of the artistic game, which finds its expression in clever *finessing*, short passing, and delicate stick-work; Oxford affect the method which has been contemptuously described as belting the ball hard and then running after it. When carried out with a certain degree of what is known as "understanding" this sort of game can be made to pay, especially under certain conditions. It paid, one remembers, in last year's match; but, all the same, I am backing Cambridge, who are really a fine side, to do the trick this time. H. S. S.

Come and GRAMOPHONE at Keith Prowse

'To gramophone' is a new verb which will soon be in every standard dictionary. It means 'to sit in a comfortable Salon and listen, *without any obligation to buy*, to any record you choose played on any make of gramophone you select.'

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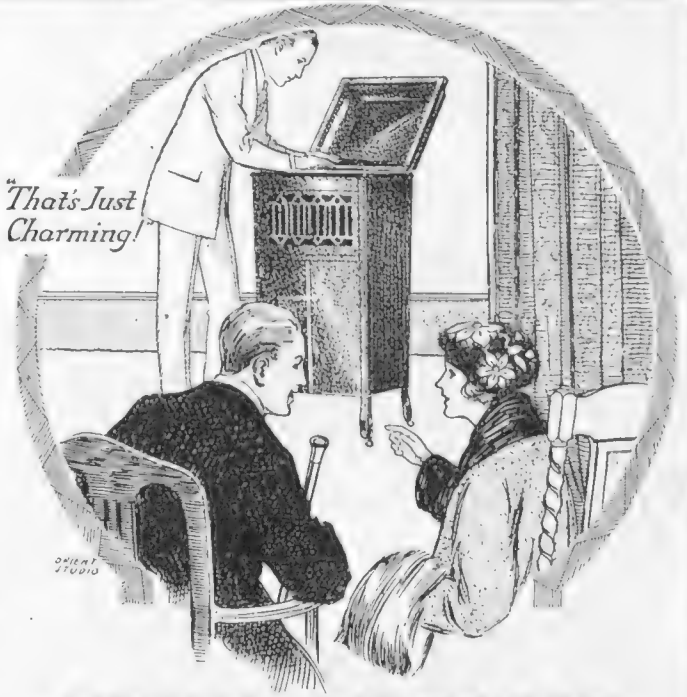
For everything that Music means come to Keith Prowse.



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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

I HAVE always maintained that Mr. Harold Monro has been responsible for a very great deal. When, some years ago, he opened the Poetry Bookshop — at a time when poetry was hardly in fashion—not many people supposed that his laudable attempt would prosper. But prosper it did — possibly because Monro is a real poet himself, and so, one supposes, not handicapped by the usual commercial amenities—and now it is clearly the spiritual home of the poets themselves, and a flourishing concern into the bargain. And without it I doubt very much whether some of the youngsters, now beginning to soar in their several ways (some very queer, no doubt, but that hardly matters), would ever have been able to attract the public at all. Monro, however, is a critic of no mean order, and he has made good use of his unique position. Present-day poets owe, perhaps, more than they realise to Harold Monro.

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

MISS KATHLYN HILLIARD

Who made such a big success of the name part in this year's production of "Cinderella" at Covent Garden

❀ ❀

WHICH should make additionally interesting the new volume just come from his pen. *Some Contemporary Poets;* 1920 (Parsons: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a book of personal views, unacademically set forth. It is ten times as interesting as most attempts of the kind, being vivid and real and simple. It begins with an enquiry into the new paths which the young poets are treading to-day; it takes a glance backwards to see who and what were the immediate predecessors of the Neo-Georgians; and its introduction section ends by advancing a theory that that admirable volume, *A Shropshire Lad,* is really the beginning of all (modern) things. Then there comes an enquiry into the various schools or cliques, or, to use the more technical word, groups, into which the poets of to-day may be most conveniently divided. Here you will find matter to make you sit up, for Monro is not a man to hide up his meaning in polite verbiage. He says what he means, and a reputation for "sales" in his eyes very rightly counts for nothing at all. It does not become a mere writer of prose to criticise the opinions of one who has published such original poetry himself — but this volume of Monro's should do not a little to rouse up healthy discussion. R. S.

The best Spirit to keep up your Spirits.

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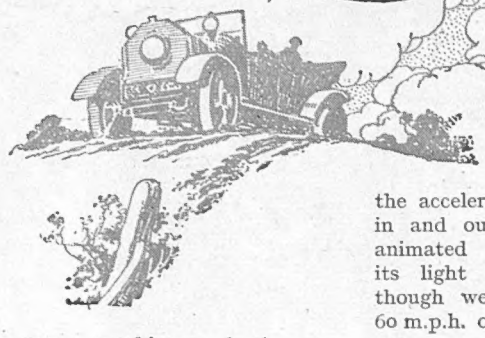


FITFUL sunshine and the near approach of Easter are combining to make motorists overhaul their cars preparatory to once more running them out of their garage for healthful pleasure trips. Also, those folk who have been thinking whether they will or won't buy a new "bus" are making up their minds and looking around for bargains. And, mind you, there are bargains about just now. Consequently, I notice more smiling faces in the motor trade than there have been for many weeks, as now the stock is beginning to shift itself. That is the best news users themselves can listen to, for until the trade has sold all its surplus "mass" production things cannot be bettered, no new designs, no real improvements made, 'cause why? the old stock is harder to sell if these things happen. Therefore, buy it, burn it, or swallow it, do what you like, but absorb the rest of the 1920 muddle in production as soon as possible, then all will be merry and bright as the marriage bells. Which, when I come to think of it, is a true Spring simile.

* * *

PASSING by the new Mors showrooms in Albemarle Street last week as Capt. Malcolm Campbell was just starting off, southward bound, he gave me a lift in order to see how the new 20 h.p. (and tax also) Mors could behave in traffic and on the open road. 'Pon my word, one wonders why anybody builds a bigger car than this, as it can carry every type of body, and hump it along up to fifty or sixty miles an hour, if asked to. Of course, the sleeve-valve engine is wonderful at slow speeds, as it crawled along on top at about 3½ miles an hour, jumped into 30 m.p.h. in a few yards (by Harrods, in all places of the world!)—perhaps to put aside all temptations to buy bargains—the moment the foot went down on the accelerator pedal, and threaded in and out of the traffic like an animated corkscrew by reason of its light steering. As for speed, though we did not actually touch 60 m.p.h. on the road to Ripley, we got very near it, but at 56 m.p.h. there were signs of a fair-haired, curly headed "boy in blue" in the offing, so up came the foot, and we pulled up at the Hut for tea. I drove this 20 h.p. "silent" *sans soupape* Mors myself back from Ripley to the top of Kingston Hill, and it was as silky to drive as anybody could wish. Moreover, though this particular car does twenty-two miles per gallon of petrol without any special tuning or carburetter setting, all these new Mors travel over twenty miles to the gallon, whether used in traffic or the open road, which makes them good value for money every day—a virtue all cars cannot claim.

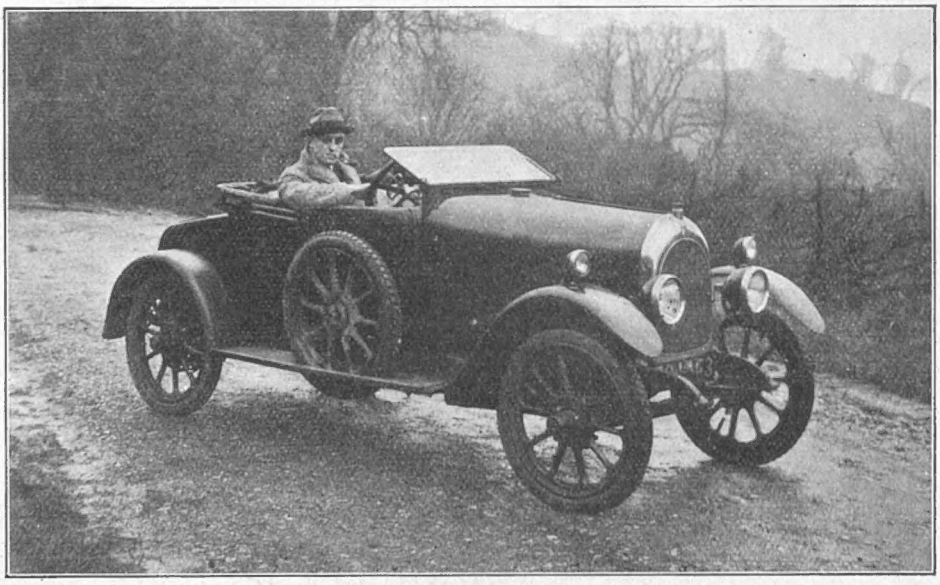
* * *

NOW, my young friends at the Royal Aero Club and the Royal Flying Corps Club, listen to this tale from the U.S.A., as voiced by one Earl N. Findley, late captain in the Air Service, U.S.A. "On the mere basis of common sense, civil or commercial aeronautics in a country having the continental extent of the U.S.A., should predominate over military aeronautics as 100 to 1. One year ago the exact reverse was true. To-day the ratio is about 50—50. To make it 100 to 1 the Banker, with a capital B, must participate. Will he?" This is a quotation from an article on "Twenty Months of Commercial Aeronautics" that appeared in the *New York Times* book review and magazine in the middle of January, and is too long to reprint. But it contains facts that ought to be read by everyone who has the advance of aviation at heart. Amongst these facts comes the item that fifty-two aeroplanes and fifty-two pilots are the means and personnel of dealing with the U.S.A. Post Office flying service for mails from New York to practically all parts of the States.

* * *

THE saving of cost and time in distribution arises from the fact, says the U.S.A. post officials, that airplane trips are made at the average speed of eighty miles an hour or better, while the average speed of the fastest mail and passenger trains is forty miles an hour or less, while the U.S.A. Post Office also reports that the air mail has come to New York from Washington and from Chicago in gales and snowstorms which tied up harbour shipping. Truth to tell, while England herself is not utilising the air quite as freely as she might, I fully believe that in the Greater Britain beyond the seas the prosperity of aviation and its progress lies. So get out there and do business, as we can build 'planes like we can build ships, better and at less cost than anybody else.

OLD HY.



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